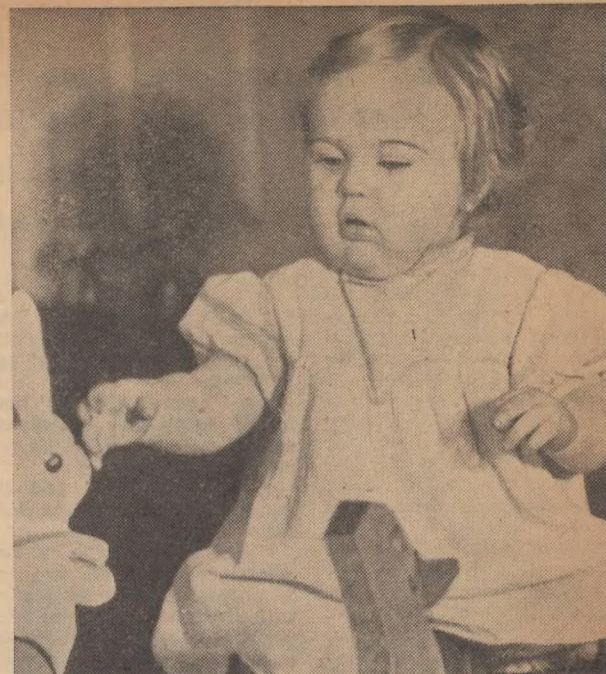


Good Morning 546

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

BUNDLE OF CHARM POSES FOR C.P.O. H. J. MACE



WHEN you meet your little daughter, Elaine, for the first time, C.P.O. H. J. Mace, prepare for a bundle of charm that refuses to keep still.

We took her photograph for you at 5 Hazel Road, Rockferry, Birkenhead, and it was certainly a task. She was definitely fourteen months of concentrated energy.

Your wife wants you to know that she's having lots of presents at Christmas and wishes you could be with them.

You will notice in the photograph that Elaine is playing with two of her toys. We nearly photographed her in the fireplace playing with the coal shovel! Fortunately, we managed to keep her on the hearthrug, and got her to pose for a split second.

When you meet her and sample her energy you'll understand better what photographing Elaine really means.

This is why Ring Amateurs should keep their status

IF proof were needed that the poverty of professional boxing is at the lowest limit it has reached within living memory, one has only to note the acclaim which greeted the victory a short time ago of Danny Webb, the Canadian negro soldier, when he defeated Jackie Paterson.

In some quarters, Webb, who is a lance-corporal in the Royal Canadian Hussars, was hailed as a world-beater. I am afraid this is a very loosely applied title.

Of course, a moderate boxer can be a world-beater when there is no sort of opposition in his class anywhere in the world. It is all comparative.

At the same time, it would be advisable to withhold the superlatives and to refrain from hoisting fair performers to the top of the ladder before

they have demonstrated their right to that position.

This Canadian negro's victory over Paterson was commendable in its way, but it must be borne in mind that Paterson has held his fly-weight title so long merely be-

cause he was probably several pounds heavier than this when he actually took the ring.

At this rate it is unlikely that he could get down to 8st., which is the fly-weight pound-age, and be strong enough to box at his best.

Says W. H. MILLIER

cause of the utter poverty of opposition in his class.

In passing, it may not be out of place to question whether it is strictly correct to refer to Paterson at the present time as a fly-weight. When he fought Webb he boxed as a feather-weight, weighing 8st. 11½lb. at the weigh-in, which means that

To those misguided persons who are so ready to hail the newcomer as a dyed-in-the-wool world-beater, I would counsel cultivating a sense of proportion. Webb has not yet met anyone of first-class boxing ability.

That is no fault of his, because it is almost impossible

to find a really first-class boxer anywhere at present. The fact that he was only recently defeated by one of our amateurs in an inter-Services tournament is sufficient to show that this Canadian feather-weight is nothing out of the ordinary.

Some time ago I suggested that the standard of amateur boxing was ahead of the professionals, and it seems that this is being amply demonstrated. If anyone doubted this, it has only to be pointed out that the leading amateurs are being pestered by professional managers to sign themselves up and join the paid performers.

As one might expect, the leading officials of the Amateur Boxing Association are not at all pleased at the persistent attempts to poach on their preserves.

In view of the likelihood of many international contests in the near future between the world's best amateurs, the A.B.A. officials like to feel that they can draw upon their best champions to uphold the boxing prestige of the nation.

In this connection it is good news to learn that the A.B.A. has concluded an agreement with Mr. A. J. Elvin to hold the championships at Wembley, and other big events, such as international meetings, as they are arranged. This is as it should be. Now that the interest in amateur boxing has grown to such proportions, it is only right and sensible that the championships should be staged within the largest building available in order that all who wish to attend may do so without inconvenience.

When the Empire Pool at Wembley was built the seating capacity was 12,000, but Mr. Elvin plans to increase the seating.

This means that more than twice the number of spectators can be accommodated than was possible at the Royal Albert Hall.

If boxing enthusiasts can see first-class amateur boxing under ideal conditions, with seats at reasonable prices, they will certainly not bother to pay high prices to see the indifferent performances put up by the professionals.

The very low state of the professional ring is largely due to a number of those associated with it. The necessary infusion of fresh blood to keep the game healthy has not been forthcoming because there were so many parasites, all wanting their rake-off.

All those amateur champions who have good, ordinary workaday jobs should turn a deaf ear to the blandishments of the professional managers who pester them to change their status.

There are very few managers in the game to-day who fully appreciate the wide gap between the amateur and professional, or who really know how to gradually train the amateur to successfully bridge the gap.

There is a vast difference between boxing in three-minute round contests over professional distances and in amateur competitions. It is curious how few people there are who fully realise what great stamina

is called for in boxing a contest of fifteen three-minute rounds.

It calls for intensive training on the part of the boxer before he is able to accomplish this.

No amateur ever engages in a contest of more than six rounds' duration, and even then they are only two-minute rounds, but competitions in which three rounds are boxed with an interval between the heats is the more usual practice.

That is one of the reasons why amateurs frequently fail to meet with success when going over to professional contests. It might be a different matter if the managers were content to waive the possibility of bigger purses early on, and were sensible enough to take the long view and realise that the ex-amateur would be all the better for starting in a lowly position and making haste slowly.

Instead, what usually happens is that the most is made of the former amateur's popularity by billing him in a 10- or 15-round contest with a leading professional, with the result that the newcomer is beaten before he has had time to become accustomed to the different conditions.

To hark back to Danny Webb, the coloured Canadian, it may be said that here is an exception to the rule I have been trying to prove. Webb started boxing in 1939, and nearly all his contests have been with the amateurs.

The fact that he has succeeded in beating such an old professional as Paterson is due to his effective punching. He won inside three rounds, and therefore had no real test of stamina, such as he would have had if he had been compelled to box the full distance to a decision on points.

As a general rule, one rarely finds a coloured boxer lacking in stamina, unless, of course, he has neglected to train. This is not likely to be Webb's failing.

His ambition is to become a doctor, and as he has already put in a certain amount of

study towards qualifying for a medical degree, he is sure to have learned the need for building up his physical strength by training.

According to Webb, the ring is merely a means to an end in his case. He hopes to be successful in winning enough in prize-money to provide the means for continuing his medical studies after the war and then to purchase a medical practice.

The moment he has accomplished that he means to say good-bye to the ring.

Before he collects the amount of money which he regards as necessary, he may blossom still further and reveal genuine championship form—that is to say, provided the first-rate opponents can be found for him. In that event, there may be cause to regret that the ring has lost a much-needed champion, but he has a long way to go before such sentiments can be expressed.

NUNS AT CINEMA

HISTORY was made at the Gaumont Palace, Plymouth, when a large number of nuns attended a special performance of "The Song of Bernadette" which began at 8.30 a.m.

The film, which deals with the miracles of Lourdes, was so highly thought of by local Roman Catholic clergy, who had been invited to a preview a week before, that the R.C. Bishop signed a special dispensation permitting sisters of various Orders to see the show.

Many had never been inside a cinema in their lives.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Here's the Young Cobbler



L./Sto. CYRIL DAVIS

THE member of your family L./Stoker Cyril L. Davis, who demanded most of our attention when we called to see them at 9, Alun-road, May-hill, Swansea, was your two-and-a-half-years-old son Vivian. He was up to his ears with cobbling hammer, rasp and piles of sprigs attempting to repair shoes.

Your wife told me to tell you he has not ceased to repair boots and shoes since he saw you at it on your last leave. The trouble is, she says, he's now got to the stage where he's moving on from shoes to household furniture!

He's a grand lad as you see by this picture taken with mummy, grandma and grandpa. His latest stunt is to waken

at approximately 4 a.m. and demand to have read to him the story of "Alice in Wonderland." Poor old grandpa falls for this and Vivian thinks it great fun!

By the way, your youngest sister, Elsie, was married a few weeks ago to a chap called Ernie Wheatley, also in the Senior Service, at St. Nicholas on the Hill Church, Townhill, the same place as you were married (and by the same padre) three years ago. There was a grand "do" after the ceremony with beer supplied by your favourite landlord of "The Local" at Brynhyfryd. Phyllis, your other sister in the W.A.A.F., was home on leave recently. She hopes you'll be home for her wedding.

Your wife's brother, Spen-

cer, is in hospital in Ancona. Maybe you've had the letter containing all the news but we're told to tell you he's coming along O.K. This is his third mishap—three tries for a Welshman, eh?

Vivian and his mummy went Christmas shopping recently. Mummy bought the lad a ball—hid it from him for a time—but he went scrounging when she was otherwise occupied—now she has to think of another gift!

Talking of Christmas, all at home send their love, especially your wife, and best wishes. Mrs. Davis is looking forward to the day when you will have completed your twelve years (three years time) and you can come home for good.

A Case of Desertion

Read what happened when the engineer was "half-seas-overboard" in this Rollicking tale
by W. W. JACOBS

THE sun was just rising as the small tub-like steamer, or, to be more correct, steam-barge, the *Bulldog*, steamed past the sleeping town of Gravesend at a good six knots per hour.

There had been a little discussion on the way between her crew and the engineer, who, down in his grimy little engine-room, did his own stoking and everything else necessary. The crew, consisting of captain, mate, and boy, who were doing their first trip on a steamer, had been transferred at the last moment from their sailing-barge, the *Witch*, and found to their discomfort that the engineer, who had not expected to sail so soon, was terribly and abusively drunk. Every moment he could spare from his engines he thrust the upper part of his body through the small hatchway, and rowed with his commander.

"Ahoy, bargee!" he shouted, popping up like a jack-in-the-box, after a brief cessation of hostilities.

"Don't take no notice of 'im," said the mate. "E's got a bottle of brandy down there, an' he's 'alf mad."

"If I knew anything o' them blessed engines," growled the skipper, "I'd go and hit 'im over the head."

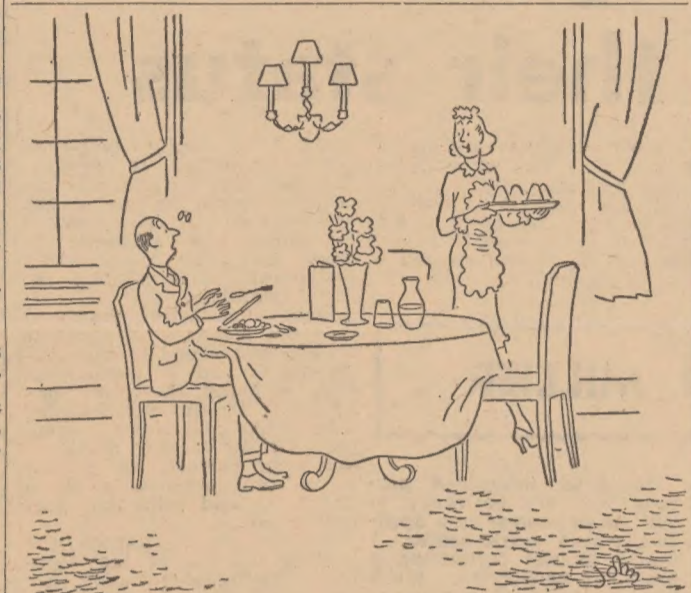
"But you don't," said the mate, "and neither do I, so you'd better keep quiet."

"You think you're a fine feller," continued the engineer, "standing up there an' playing with that little wheel. You think you're doing all the work. What's the boy doing? Send him down to stoke."

"Go down," said the skipper, grinning with fury, and the boy reluctantly obeyed.

"You think," said the engineer

pathetically, after he had cuffed your back answers," bellowed the boy's head and dropped him engineer, "cos I won't have 'em. The skipper shrugged his shoulder, "you think because I've got ders and exchanged glances with a black face I'm not a man. There's his sympathetic mate. "Wait many a hoily face 'ides a good till I get 'im ashore," he murmured. "The biler is wore out," said



"The joint ought to be good to-day, sir. It won the Grand National in 1917!"

"I don't think nothing about it," grunted the skipper; "you do your work, and I'll do mine." "Don't you give me none of the engineer, re-appearing after a hasty dive below. "It may bust at any moment." As though to confirm his

words, fearful sounds were heard proceeding from below.

"It's only the boy," said the mate, "he's scared—natural." "I thought it was the biler," said the skipper, with a sigh of relief. "It was loud enough."

As he spoke the boy got his head out of the hatchway, and, rendered desperate with fear, fairly fought his way past the engineer and gained the deck.

"Very good," said the engineer, as he followed him on deck and staggered to the side. "I've had enough o' you lot."

"Haden't you better go down to them engines?" shouted the skipper.

"Am I your slave?" demanded the engineer tearfully. "Tell me that. Am I your slave?" "Go down and do your work like a sensible man," was the reply.

At these words the engineer took umbrage at once, and, scowling fiercely, removed his greasy jacket and flung his cap on the deck. He then finished the brandy which he had brought up with him, and gazed owlishly at the Kentish shore.

"I'm going to have a wash," he said loudly, and, sitting down, removed his boots.

"Go down to the engines first," said the skipper, "and I'll send the boy to you with a bucket and some soap."

"Bucket!" replied the engineer scornfully, as he moved to the side. "I'm going to have a proper wash."

"Hold him!" roared the skipper suddenly. "Hold him!"

The mate, realising the situation, rushed to seize him, but the engineer, with a mad laugh, put his hands on the side and vaulted into the water. When he rose the steamer was twenty yards ahead.

"Go astern!" yelled the mate. "How can I go astern when there's nobody at the engines?" shouted the skipper, as he hung on

to the wheel and brought the boat's head sharply round. "Git a line ready."

The mate, with a coil of rope in his hand, rushed to the side, but his benevolent efforts were frustrated by the engineer, who, seeing the boat's head making straight for him, saved his life by an opportune dive. The steamer rushed by.

"Turn 'er agin!" screamed the mate.

The captain was already doing so, and in a remarkably short space

(Continued on Page 3)

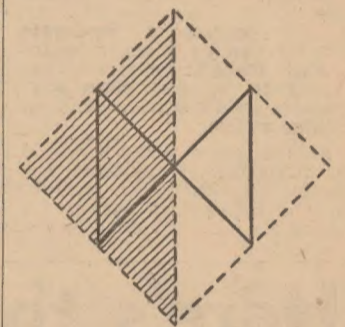
Solution to Numerical Puzzle in No. 545.

10	23	8
16	14	11
15	4	22

Each file totals 41.

Answer to "How Many" Puzzle in No. 545.

There are 8 small triangles and 2 of the size shown shaded.



QUIZ for today

1. A stulm is beech-nut husk, shaft for pumping up water, Indian fish, stroke in golf, wooden bollard?
2. With what would you play a game of squalls, and how would you play it?
3. How many kings and queens are buried in Westminster Abbey?
4. What was the native language of Jesus?

5. What fabulous creature has a human head, a lion's body, and an eagle's wings?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Tin, Brass, Copper, Gold, Silver, Solder.

Answers to Quiz in No. 545

1. Bird trap.
2. U.S.A.
3. China.
4. Sergius Orata, a Roman of the 1st century B.C.
5. Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1559-1575.
6. H is not a musical note; others are.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



HANGOVERS, cause of, treatment of....

No, this is not taken from a talk in the bar-parlour of the "local." It concerns problems included in questions and answers in the British Medical Journal.

The medical profession grows more human daily!

As to "mixing" of drinks, the reply says: "I know of no scientific approach to this age-old problem. This is strange in view of the fact that there would be no lack of volunteers!"

It is suggested that if the result of "mixing" is worse than that of a "single-track" hang-over, "the non-alcoholic constituents of the drink are probably responsible."

"Is the resulting exhilaration from a 'White Lady,' a 'Sidecar,' and a Dry Martini greater than three like volumes of any one of these? Frankly, I do not know. . . I suspect that in the case of spirituous liquors, one drinks more by being tempted by different flavours." In lay language, "mixing" your drink is worse because you drink more.

The questioner points out that treatment for hangovers, which, he has found of great importance, "does not seem to be dealt with very adequately in any literature."

Thanks, Doc!

INSTEAD of saying "scram," students in the Eastern District Secondary School, New York, now say, "Avaunt and quit my sight."

Thanks to the pioneer spirit of school teacher Jay Greene, Shakespearean phrases are replacing modern slang. "Memory work has traditionally been regarded by the vast majority of students as drudgery," says Greene, "but not so now by students who use Shakespearean couplets."

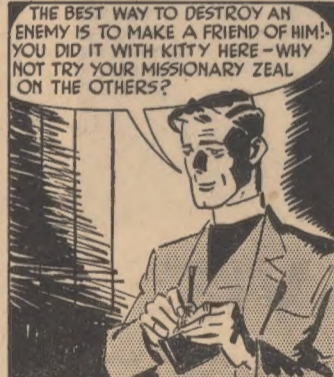
When ink is spilled on the desk, they say "Out damned spot."

Getting hep, huh?

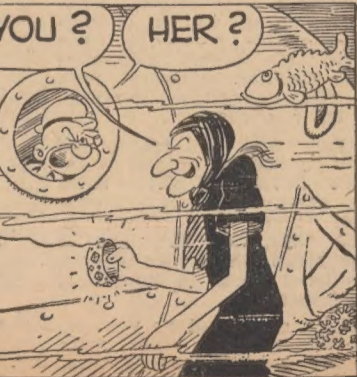
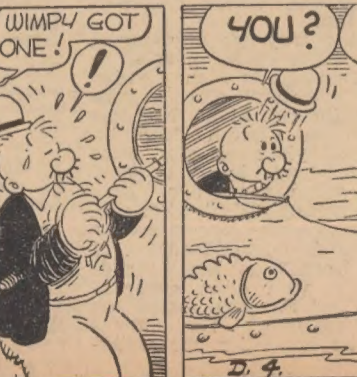
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

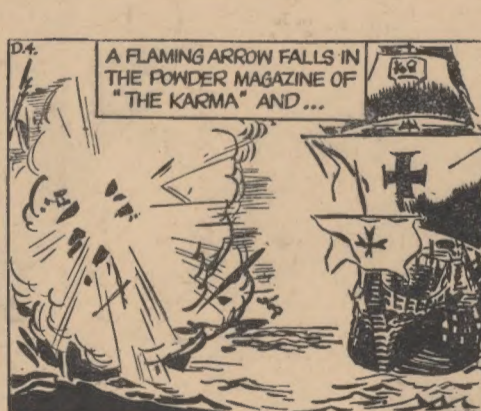
485

1. Insert consonants in *A*O*E*O* and **A**E*A**E and get two famous Frenchmen.
2. Here are two fabulous creatures whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
NIFEPOH — INXFIRG
3. If "sport" is the "port" of games, what is the port of (a) Behaviour, (b) Harmony?
4. Find the two cooking utensils hidden in: I don't know why that lad leaves his license lying about.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 484

1. PayeR.
2. BISHOP, JOKER, DRAUGHT, DOMINO.
3. Ouse, Ure, Dove, Avon, Test, Thames.

JANE



A CASE OF DESERTION

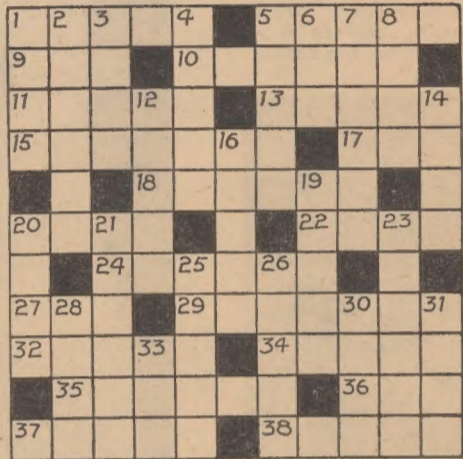
(Continued from Page 2)
of time the boat, which had described a complete circle, was making again for the engineer.
"Look out for the line!" shouted the mate warningly.
"I don't want your line," yelled the engineer. "I'm going ashore."
"Come aboard!" shouted the captain imploringly, as they swept past again. "We can't manage the engines."
"Put her round again," said the mate. "I'll go for him with the boat. Haul her in, boy." The boat, which was dragging astern, was hauled close, and the mate tumbled into her, followed by the boy, just as the captain was in the middle of another circle—to the intense indignation of a crowd of shipping, large and small, which was trying to get by.
"Ahoy!" yelled the master of a tug which was towing a large ship. "Take that steam roundabout out of the way. What the thunder are you doing?"
"Picking up my engineer," replied the captain, as he steamed

right across the other's bows, and nearly ran down a sailing-boat, the skipper of which, a Salvation Army man, was nobly fighting his feelings.
"Why don't you stop?" he yelled.
"Cos I can't," wailed the skipper of the 'Bulldog' as he threaded his way between a huge steamer and a schooner, who, in avoiding him, were getting up a little collision on their own account.
"Ahoy, 'Bulldog'! Ahoy!" called the mate. "Stand by to pick us up. We've got him."
The skipper smiled in an agonised fashion as he shot past, hotly pursued by his boat. The feeling on board the other craft, as they got out of the way of the 'Bulldog', and nearly ran down her boat, and then, in avoiding that, nearly ran down something else, cannot be put into plain English, but several captains ventured into the domains of the ornamental with marked success.
"Shut off steam!" yelled the engineer, as the 'Bulldog' went by

again. "Draw the fires, then."
"Who's going to steer while I do it?" bellowed the skipper, as he left the wheel for a few seconds to try and get a line to throw them.
By this time the commotion in the river was frightful, and the captain's steering, as he went on his round again, something marvellous to behold. A strange lack of sympathy on the part of brother captains added to his troubles. Every craft he passed had something to say to him, busy as they were, and the remarks were as monotonous as they were insulting. At last, just as he was resolving to run his boat straight down the river until he came to a halt for want of steam, the mate caught the rope he flung, and the 'Bulldog' went down the river with her boat made fast to her stern.
"Come aboard, you—you lunatic!" he shouted.
"Not afore I knows 'ow I stand," said the engineer, who was now beautifully sober, and in full possession of a somewhat acute intellect.
"What do you mean?" demanded the skipper.
"I don't come aboard,"

shouted the engineer, "until you after remarking that he felt chilly and the mate and the boy all went down below and began to stoke. In the course of the voyage he said that it was worth while making such a fool of himself if only to see the skipper's beautiful steering, warmly asservating that there was not another man on the river that could have done it.
Before this insidious flattery the skipper's wrath melted like snow before the sun, and by the time they reached port he would as soon have thought of hitting his own father as his smooth-tongued engineer.
END
By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Liquid measure.
- 5 Gardening tool.
- 9 Pronoun.
- 10 Busy.
- 11 Barely enough.
- 13 Representative.
- 15 Current.
- 17 Sussex town.
- 18 Numbers.
- 20 Carry.
- 22 Gone.
- 24 Space of time.
- 27 Straight stick.
- 29 Heraldic animal.
- 32 Break out.
- 34 Depot.
- 35 Of vinegar.
- 36 Place for animals.
- 37 Dirge.
- 38 Exhibited.

CLUES DOWN.

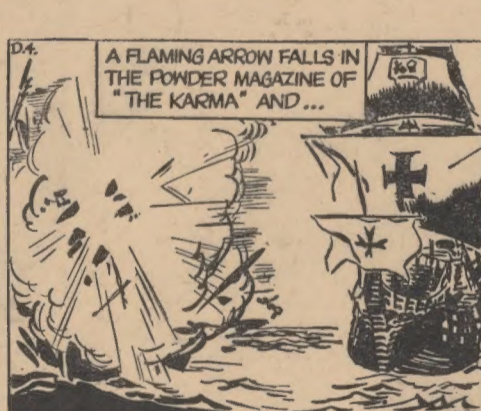
- 1 The majority.
- 2 Money received.
- 3 Low tide.
- 4 Sports contest.
- 5 Mouldy.
- 6 Farm animal.
- 7 Opposed.
- 8 Gainsay.
- 12 Mineral.
- 14 Actual wording.
- 16 Scottish island.
- 19 Chosen.
- 20 Calibre.
- 21 Cite as proof.
- 23 Rat.
- 25 Clay pipe.
- 26 Counters.
- 28 Spoken.
- 30 Exude.
- 31 Atmospheric gas.
- 33 Cask stopper.

HAW VLANDS
DEBATE RIOT
AMOS RATTLE
FUSUAL ROW
TITIAN PEERS
N IDEAL E
SHALE CEASE
PUP ROACH L
IMPISH TEAK
TALC MORALS
SNEERS ODE

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



MOVIE TRICKS

EVERY time I talk with an amateur movie-maker he invariably winds up by asking how he can do various tricks with his camera to obtain the same results he so frequently sees in professional pictures on the screen. Contrary to general belief, many of the camera-tricks are quite simple to do—if you know how. Here are a few which I hope will be helpful to all home movie-makers.

REVERSE ACTION.

One of the easiest of all camera-tricks—and one of the most helpful for slapstick comedy—is reverse action, in which everything happens in reverse; men run backwards, cars glide ghostlike backwards round a curve or through traffic, or water comes up out of a glass into a jug.

With the old crank cameras, this reverse can be obtained by cranking the film backwards. With spring-driven cameras, the camera is held upside-down when shooting. Then, after the film is developed, the scene is cut out and replaced in the reel right side up—this is done by turning the film end for end. Simple—but effective!

DISAPPEARING PEOPLE.

Another simple, yet effective, trick is stopping the camera to make people and inanimate objects appear and disappear. For this it is important to have as "static" a background as possible and for the actors to hold a given position while the camera is stopped. In achieving this effect you film your scene normally up to the point where you want a person or object to vanish or appear. At that point you tell your players to "freeze" in their positions as you stop your camera. While the camera is stopped you remove whatever you wish to vanish, then you continue the normal filming of your scene.

BOMBING EFFECTS.

In these days of war and air raids the effects of a bomb or other explosion in a house can still be done without the damage and danger of the real thing.

A metal pan is placed on the floor close in front of the camera. In the pan is some ordinary old-fashioned flash-powder. When the time comes for the "explosion," the flash-powder is ignited. When the smoke from the powder has obscured the camera's view, the camera is stopped. Then the furniture is scattered around "to taste," broken glass and crockery is strewn about the floor, and the scene is generally arranged to give the impression of blast-damage. Then some more flash-powder is ignited in the pan, and, as the smoke is clearing, filming is resumed. On the screen you will see the flash of an explosion and a huge cloud of smoke, followed by a wrecked room!

Derek Richards

Good Morning

If fascinating Elaine Riley should meet up with a lawnmower, they'll certainly be "Wearing 'em Higher in Hawaii"—and RKO Radio's "Show Business" would be an even greater riot, we guess.



"What's that you say? You want a statement for submariners? Tell them to obtain permission to discontinue shaving—it makes life easier I've found."



"Tell them that this cat doesn't hold with such new-fangled inventions. I've spent eight lives in schooners, and I want to spend the rest of my days in peace."



"Tell them that I've been raising periscope for as long as I can remember—and I've never seen anything worth looking at yet!"



"Tell them that I'm always thinking of them, and that I've a special message for them which coming from me means something—it's 'Nuts.'"



THIS ENGLAND. The walls are of stone, the bridge is of stone. This is obviously a county where stone is quarried. It's Monsal Dale, one of the Derbyshire dales.



TWO-FISTED GUY!
"Go to it, snapper! Two spoons are better than one, when there's something good in the bowl, eh?"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Spoons? Never use 'em!"

